THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Enfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1854. VOLUME I.—NO. 2.

Poetry.

What is Noble?

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

What is noble to inherit?
  Wealth, estate and proud degree?
There must be some other merit
  Higher yet than those for me!
Something greater far must enter
  Into life's majestic span;
Fitted to create and center
  True nobility in man!

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
  Portion of our mind and heart;
Linked to something still diviner
  Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting—ever seeing
  Some improvements yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow being
  And like man, to feel for man!

What is noble? Is the sabre
  Nobler than the humble spade?
There is dignity in labor
  Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the mind's improvement
  Aids the world in aiding mind;
Every great commanding movement
  Serves not one—but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes—
  O'er the engine's iron head—
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
  And the spindle whirls the thread;
There is labor lowly tending
  Each requirement of the hour,
There is genius still extending
  Science—and its world of power!

'Mid the dust and speed and clamor
  Of the loom-shed and the mill!
'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
  Great results are growing still!
Though too oft by Fashion's creatures
  Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide her features!
  Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble? That which places
  Truth in its enfranchised will
Leaving steps—like angel traces—
  That mankind may follow still!
E'en though Scorn's malignant glances
  Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the noble—who advances
  Freedom and the cause of man.

Miscellany.

The Storming of Chapultepec.

The National Monitor, a new literary paper published in New York, contains a sketch of a portion of the military operations in Mexico, entitled "*Life in the Army, or Reminiscences of the Mexican War, by a New York Volunteer.*" The style of the writer is plain and lucid, and he narrates with much liveliness, and directly to the point. Here is an account of the storming of Chapultepec:

"It was a somber morning, the heavens being obscured with dense, black clouds; therefore, not a wall of the castle was visible to the eye—nothing but the brilliant lights that illuminated it, attracted the eye—presenting a grand, imposing spectacle—a concentration of brilliant meteors, suspended from the black clouds above, being the nearest similitude to it. As we neared the castle, the greatest possible caution was observed. The men were cautioned not to allow their tin canteens to strike against their muskets or cartridge boxes—not a word was allowed spoken in the ranks—every possible precaution was taken to keep the enemy in ignorance of our approach. Onward we marched, with noiseless steps, silent tounges, and palpitating hearts. Nearer and nearer we approached the formidable castle, bristling with heavy artilley, and containing twelve thousand of Mexico's best troops, and commanded by one of her bravest and best generals. Suddenly we were brought to a halt—the division to which I was attached being intended to support a battery under the command of Captain Drum, which had been erected during the night, directly under the castle. Just as we halted, the shrill notes of a trumpet assailed our ears. Then the rolling of drums were heard, and presently a full brass band joined in. It was the enemy playing the *reveille*. A death-like stillness prevailed in our ranks at the time—not a whisper or a breathing could be heard—therefore, so unexpected was the music, that when it struck the ear, it caused a momentary thrill to shoot through my frame—I felt a peculiar indescribable sensation. I have no doubt others experienced the same.

"The music was suddenly interrupted—Bang-r-r! went one of the huge pieces of artillery from Drum's battery, and for a moment the dreadful whiz-z-z! of its iron death-messenger was heard through the air, and then its fatal crash as it struck the castle. Instantly every light in the latter was quenched, and it was invisible—shrouded in darkness. Silence was no longer observed in our ranks; the commanding voice of Baxter to 'Forward!' was heard. We marched a short distance, filed to the right and halted—taking up a position in supporting distance of Captain Drum's battery.

"Presently the somber clouds that obscured the heavens seperated, a streak of light was visible in the eastern horizon—the day was breaking. Lighter and lighter it gradually grew; objects that had been previously invisible, now appeared to the sight. Anon, the blazing sun peeped forth from the dark hiding-place, diffusing a flood of light upon the earth, and revealing to our astonished sight the white, massive walls of Chapultepec, the huge muzzles of a hundred heavy peices of artillery, that peered from their respective embrasures, and the glittering bayonets of at least eight thousand infantry in the woods surrounding the castle, and at the base of the high hill upon which it stood.

"This was our first sight of the castle, and I gazed upon its imposing appearance with admiration—contemplating at the same moment the mighty convulsion which was to follow an attack upon its impregnable walls—the lives that must necessarily be sacrificed; the wives made widows; the parents childless; brothers and sisters mourners, and helpless children, perhaps, fatherless! Casting my eyes over the gallant little band that stood before me—companions who had escaped through storms of lead and iron—who had fought by my side in all the preceeding battles—the sad and awful conviction forced itself upon my mind, that, in a brief time, many of them, whose smiling faces and cheerful hearts betokened no 'thought of the morrow,' would lie in the cold, icy embrace of death.

"The loud report of a gun from the castle, and the startling noise of grape and cannister as it went crashing and tearing through the tall, dense pulque plant, in my immediate vicinity, checked all further reflections on my part. The enemy had discovered us, and was evidently determined to do us all the injury that he possible could. Cannon after cannon, and huge mortars on the walls of the castle, vomited forth, unremittingly, their ponderous round shot, grape cannister and shell, doing us, however, but little injury, as we had taken the precaution to occupy a secure position. The guns from our several batteries, at different commanding points, promptly answered the enemy, sending forth their deadly contents in reply. All day—from daylight until the sable curtains of night shrouded the contending armies in darkness—the booming of cannon, the bursting of shells, the crashing of grape and cannister, and the sharp report of musketry, greeted the ear.

"Various incidents that came under my observation during the day, now force themselves upon my memory.

"Captain Drum's battery, which kept up a constant and destructive fire upon the castle the whole day, was stationed about sixty yards from the right of my regiment. Our whole division, commanded by General Quitman, consisting of the second Pennsylvania and South Carolina volunteers, and a battalion of United States marines, besides the New York volunteers, also occupied a position in supporting distance of the battery. Attached to the South Carolina regiment were several negroes—slaves, who had accompanied their masters; some of them privates, too—on the campaign; and on several occasions displayed commendable gallantry. One of these negroes—a huge, black, muscular fellow—stood about ten yards from one of the guns, and at every discharge, he would eagerly watch what effect it had upon the castle. If a favovable one, he would jump up in the air, clap his hands, and exclaim: 'Golly, massa, you give 'im goss dat time—suah!' Then he would resume his position behind a tree, and await with anxiety the discharge of another cannon, with straining eyes watch for the shot to strike the castle, and then rush into the road, and go through the same performance as mentioned above. The fellow had conducted himself in this manner for two or three hours, when a shot from our battery made desperate havoc with one of the outworks of the castle. The terrible crash could be distinctly heard, and the clouds of dust that ascended into the air from the demolished masonry presented a picture similar to a vast conflagration. The negroe's delight at this moment was unbounded. He threw himself on the ground, rolled over and over, and kicked and squirmed like a dying animal, uttering loud and joyous exclamations. Thus, suddenly springing to his feet, he leaped about five feet from the ground, struck his heels together, clapped his hands, and exclaimed: 'Who-o-up! Hoo-rah! By grashus, massa, dat was the best of 'em all! Give it to 'im again!'

"Just as he concluded the last sentence, the loud report of a monster cannon was heard from the castle, then the wizzing noise of a ponderous shot as it came flying through the air. It was the poor negro's death-messenger; before he had an opportunity to resume his position, it struck him in the stomach, completely tearing out his entrails, and of course instantly depriving him of life. The poor fellow's merry voice was silenced in death.

"Within musket range of Captain Drum's battery, a small force of the enemy, perhaps fifty, occupied a position that enabled them to annoy us very much, and occasionally kill or wound one of the men stationed at the guns. These men were undoubtedly sharp-shooters, and were stretched along, for perhaps sixty yards in a ditch. Taking advantage of every opportunity that presented itself of making their services available, to our detriment, they would partially raise up, discharge their weapons at us, and then quickly resume their lying position. These fellows had been harassing us so long and so fatally, that General Shields, (who commanded the brigade to which my regiment was attached) deemed it advisable to dislodge them. For that purpose a detachment of thirty men, under the command of a lieutenant, was sent forward. The lieutenant gallantly and rapidly advanced with his men, under a sharp fire from those occupying the ditch. Before he had advanced forward sixty yards three of his men were shot dead. Still this did not intimidate him or his men. Onward he pushed—rapidly nearing the enemy. Now he was within thirty yards of them, and still they maintained their position. Forward the lieutenant pressed, and just as he was within about ten yards of the ditch, a masked battery in its immediate vicinity opened its murderous fire upon the little party. When the smoke cleared away, but three of that gallant band stood upon their feet—the remainder, with the lieutenant, were stretched upon the blood-damp ground, frightful, mangled corpses. The three survivors stood bewildered for a moment, and then recovering themselves, speedily rejoined us.

"We, too, had our sharp-shooters stationed at advantageous positions around the castle; and the many Mexicans that we found the next day, stiff in death, with their foreheads pierced with the balls, bore proof of the accuracy of their aim. The mounted riflemen is the regiment that I allude to. This regiment was composed of the best body of men—nearly all Americans—that I ever saw. They were all crack shots, each man being sure to 'fetch his man.' At Chapultepec they were scattered in different directions, as near the castle as they possible could get, and hundreds of the enemy that day perished by their unerring, deadly aim. An incident that I witnessed on the 12th, suggests the mentioning of the regiment, in order to introduce the incident itself.

"From the base of the hill on which the castle of Chapultepec stands, running up to the castle itself, is a broad, paved road. Down this road, during the morning, a horse, mounted by an officer, was frequently seen to dash furiously. The rider was doubtless an *aid-de-camp*, carrying orders from General Bravo, stationed at the foot of the hill. He was a very showy chap, and therefore I wondered he escaped our rifles. His horse was richly and showily caparisoned, and he himself was dressed in a gorgeous uniform—in short he was "as gay as a peacock," as the excentric but gallant Captain Fairchild remarked at the time. I had my eyes fixed intently upon him the last time I saw him dashing down the road, expecting every moment to see him fall from his saddle. But he escaped. Then I awaited his return. Presently he came dashing up the road, as he had repeatedly done. He had proceeded about half way, when suddenly I saw his horse stumble and fall. He immediately disengaged himself from the stirrups as the horse fell, stood erect over the fallen animal, and waved his sword over his head, as if in defiance. The sharp crack of a rifle suddenly greeted my ear, and at that moment the temerarious officer fell dead beside his dying horse!

"Another incident is recalled to my recollection, which serves to show the effectiveness of our artillery, particularly the battery commanded by Captain Drum. Late in the afternoon, a party of the enemy were engaged in bringing a heavy piece of artillery from the castle to the support of their troops at the foot of the hill. They had succeeded in getting it about half way down, losing, however, so far, two or three of their men in the attempt, by the deadly aim of our riflemen—when Captain Drum's attention was called to the proceeding.

"'I'll see if I can't put a stop to that,' was his cool remark, which was presently followed by the deep-toned thunder of one of his heavy pieces of artillery. The effect was astonishing; the shot from his gun striking the enemy's cannon, and killing three or four of the men. The rest immediately retreated to the castle. No similar attempt was made by them that day.

"Hundreds of incidents occurred during the day—too many to undertake to relate in this article.

"The firing on both sides continued, as I said before, all day; there was no cessation whatever until 'night threw her mantle o'er the earth;' then comparative quiet once more reigned. I shall not here detail the proceedings of the night—the laborious duties that had to be performed; suffice it to say, that the rising sun never received a more hearty, cordial greeting than I gave it the next morning.

"At daylight we took the same position that we had occupied the day previous. Whether we were to remain there during the whole day, we were, at the time, perfectly ignorant. It was, however, the general wish that we were not, for the position—exposed as we were to the scorching rays of a tropical sun—was a most disagreeable one. We were soon, however, informed that we were not to remain long in our present position—*that the castle was to be stormed!* At this announcement every eye was, in a moment, directed towards that formidable, imposing structure, and a deep murmur throughout the ranks betokened that the news was received with the greatest satisfaction. We were now anxiously awaiting the order to move forward. I could not help remarking, at this awful crisis, when so many in our ranks were on the brink of being dashed into eternity, a solemnity and silence among the men deeper than I ever witnessed before. With hearts beating, each was waiting to hear the expected order to 'Foward!' At last it came. Standing on the right of the regiment, his face pale from excitement, and his eyes sparkling like jets, Lieutenant Colonel Baxter exclaimed, in a loud voice, 'FORWARD!'

"Instantly the regiment moved forward to right of the division, and then led off towards the castle in double quick time. A tremendous cheer at this moment peeled through the welkin, and every gun that the castle could level against us, poured forth their deadly contents in reply. As we moved forward, cannister, grape, round shot and shell, came pouring upon us, with a regular hailstorm of bullets, making awful slaughter in our ranks. But without a pause, our men dashed gallantly forward, and turning to the left into a vast field directly in front of the castle, with a shout that fairly shook the heavens, onward they rushed, headed by the gallant Baxter. Chapultepec was enveloped in a sheet of flame, so incessant and rapid was the discharge of the enemy's artillery. Discharge after discharge of grape was hurled with awful destruction through our ranks; still our brave boys were not daunted; with the flag of the Empire State proudly waving at the head of our column, onward they pushed. Van O'Linda fell dead on the green sward, gallantly leading his company; then Baxter, mortally wounded; then Pearson, and a fearful number of our gallant men. Still our regiment dashed boldly forward, until the stone wall surrounding the base of the hill on which the castle stood, was reached. Then a short delay was necessairly made, in order to enable the remaining regiments composing the division to come up. Some sharp fighting took place at this point, the enemy were shortly driven from their position, and aided by ladders, we scaled the lower wall, and dashed up the precipitous hill. Now commenced a struggle that my pen is inadequate to describe. The enemy's artilery becoming ineffective in consequence of the steepness of the hill, musketry was brought into requisition. The noise of the musketry was deafening, drowning the groans of the wounded and dying.

"The bullets flew among us like hail, silencing in death many a brave fellow who, with a loud cheer, was dashing boldly and fearlessly up the steep ascent. Now enthusiastic shouts and the report of musketry were heard on our right and left, proceeding from the troops under Generals Worth, Pillow, and others. The attack upon the castle was made simultaneously at three different points. Quitman's division advanced directly in front of the castle, while the division of Generals Worth and Pillow charged up the right, left, and rear. On they came, dashing up the rocky ascent with a determination to conquer or die. Reanimated by their gallant bearing, our brave boys pushed forward with renewed vigor. Officers and men fell dead and wounded under the murderous fire of musketry that the Mexicans poured in upon us; gallent men, who had preceded us in the scaling parties, were stretched out lifeless upon the hill, with their ladders clutched firmly in their hands, in the last, strong, convulsive grasp of death—but still undaunted, and with a determination to conquer, our troops valiantly continued the charge. Now the massive walls surrounding the castle were reached, and with a cheer that must have struck terror to the enemy, our men, led by their officers, and aided by scaling ladders, promptly and boldly bounded over them. Then followed loud shouts from the victors, the clashing of bayonets, and the piercing shrieks of the Mexicans, as they were forced, at the point of the bayonet, over a lofty precipice. In five minutes after, the castle was ours—the gaudy flag of Mexico, that had for years floated undisturbed from its lofty staff, was torn down, and the colors of the New York regiment flung to the breeze over the conquered castle. Nine deafening cheers—cheers such as only men flushed with victory can give—greeted it as its folds were opened out by the wind."

VOLTAIRE'S RIDDLE.—What is the longest, yet the shortest thing in the world; the swiftest, and most slow; the most divisible, and the most extended; the least value and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours everything however small, and yet gives life and spirit to every object, however great? Answer—TIME.

The Wreck.

The Keys of Florida present to the mariner even in the most genial weather, a formidable appearance; but when the white-winged tropic tornado flaps its pinions over the narrow channel, and on the walls of vapory blackness paints the sailors' doom in vivid and bewildering letters of electrical fantasy, and the harsh voice of the giant gale wakes the fiends of the storm to ride upon the wave-tops, with their attendant, meagre Death, or sit, malicious and grinning, upon the bowsprit, as if to welcome the sailor to his everlasting sleep beneath the wave; there they are terrific.

Could the Periis of the coral grove commune with man, they could relate wild tales of mouldering forms entwined by sea-weed, set with the rarest brilliants of the mermaid's home; of the last agonizing shrieks of doomed mortals, as a dark and mighty mass shot like a meteor from the regions of air, and plunging half buried in the sands of the deep sea, there, eternally wave-washed, to be the abode of fancy millions.

Midnight, dark and drear, cradled its sombre form upon the eastern waters of the Mexican Gulf. The night-born storm hissed by in fearful gusts, driving before it waves of descending rain and sleet, and dashing the briny hillocks, capped with foam, far along the sand, but to recoil again, and gathering might, leap forward with a fiercer violence upon the trembling shore.

On such a night the light-house at Key West trembled from the foundation to the lantern, while those within, a father and son, listened as it howled around their resting place. The elder sat moody and silent, occasionally raising his head and gazing out from beneath his dark and shaggy eyebrows upon the younger, or starting suddenly, as some gust wilder and fiercer than the preceding one, wailed around the beacon. The other, a noble youth of twenty years, sun-browned and hardy, sat on the opposite side of the little room, gazing through a narrow window upon the scene so replete with wild and capricious beauty without. Thus sat the father and son, each apparently communing with memory and their own thoughts, or, mayhap, turning slowly, and with the mind's eye perusing the mystic pages of the future, only awakened from their situation by some new voice or beauty of the gale.—Without, a life-boat swung from a pile driven fathom deep in the sand.

Thus sat father and son, when on a sudden a distant storm-broken report, the deep tone of the "Minute Gun at Sea," fell on their ears. As its first sound came through the night, they started to their feet. Its import they knew too well.

"It is a dreadful night," said the father, "to be among the Keys, and on a lee shore."

"God aid the mariner," responded the young man, "but they cannot be in iminent danger thus distant."

"There is but a narrow chance of safety among these waters in such a gale as this," was the reply.

They listened a moment intently—the oft reports were heard, and seemingly the vessel approached them with frightful rapidity. They sprang to the door, descended the flight of stone steps, and stood upon the sand beach. Anon, by the gleam of the zigzag lightning, they saw a large ship standing down toward the light, as if all unconscious of the hazard thus run.

"My God!" ejaculated the young man, "the Isaacs are not fifty fathoms from her bows, and she is bearing directly upon them; in five minutes that ship will strike, and every soul must perish, for no aid can reach them from the land; from Heaven alone, their help must come."

"God aid the mariner," he again exclaimed, as the noble ship, by a flash of Heaven's intensest fire, was seen to leap high upon the rocks.

First came, through the storm, the crash, and then a wild unearhly shriek, as the drowning wretches saw Death yawning to swallow them in the depths of the Ocean.

The sole spectators of this awful scene closed their ears with their hands, and, heart sick sprang to their boat.

"None but the boat of Anson the wrecker, can live in a sea like this," said the old man, "and he must do his best."

They cast off the fastenings, and the wreckers of the Isaacs were soon battling the boiling surf towards the shattered ship. Well had he said that Anson's boat could only live, for like a bubble it was hurled from wave-crest to abyss, and called forth the utmost skill of those hardy sons of the wave to prevent it from swamping. But half the distance, when again that superhuman shriek hurtled through the air. They turned and saw the noble creation of man, part, and her oaken hull disappear beneath the foam-fringed hill of translucent emerald—they strained each nerve, to save, if possible, any remaining. A spar driven by them and upon it a surge washed form. They save her, but all else is lost.

The storm, and a month is gone. The scene is changed. A gentle breeze is fanning its perfumed flight from the Gulf, over and among the lime and orange groves of Florida. A maid, as beauteous as the first blush of the womanhood of Venus, sat upon a moss cushioned knoll within a bower, around which bloomed in their richest profusion, the myrtle and the wild rose, burdening the heavy atmosphere with their sweetest perfumes.

Nor did she sit alone. Ralph, the manly wrecker of the Isaacs, reclined upon the sward carpet near her. Could you have seen that couple thus, then you would have beheld as beautiful a pair as ever grouped, meet your eyes. Both dark, but not alike; her skin was transparent as purest crystal, showing the southern blood, dark, proud and rich, coursing in quickened pulsations beneath its mellow texture, and bounding back to her heart, returning in richer currents through her system.

Her hair, black as the raven's glossy plumage, fell in ringlets over her shoulders. Her eyes, clear and deep as the celestial fountains of the Mahommedan's paradise, beamed with an affectionate smile upon the Adonis at her feet, while she lisened to the deep tones of his mellow voice as he rehearsed some tale to her listening ear. His voice like the crystal bells, and she drinking in the sound like the freed spirit quaffing its first draught from the numberless goblets filled with the living waters welling from the throne of Allah. How his brow flushed as he spoke, and the olive of his cheek deepened in a richer glow.

"Can you," continued he, "born as you were to an inheritance of wealth, listen to a tale of love from one who but earns his bread from the misfortunes of others, and lives by preying upon the remains of misery left by the hungry gale?"

"Your avocation," continued she, "though dangerous in the extreme, is indeed a noble one, and many are the hearts besides my own that must ever be bound in gratitude at least, to those who have periled their lives for their safety, and so nobly succeeded."

"Will that gratitude merge in love?"

"Ralph, I have been constrained by poverty to accept the hospitality of your father's roof. The tempest swallowed up my last remaining parent, my father, and all that he possessed in this world, and I remain but a dependent upon the bounty of those to whom I already owe a debt that I can never hope to pay, that of gratitude. I have not a friend in the wide world, Ralph, and I am even poorer than thyself."

Ralph rose from his position, and sat behind her.

"And as poor as I am," said he, "am I doing wrong to ask that my future path through life may be lightened by a beacon as bright as it is perfect? Were you wealthy, I would not dare to claim you as the bride of a wrecker—but share with me the life and hard earned pittance of a son of the sea."

Another month is past, and Ralph is the happy husband of the maid of the wreck.—Then, and not till then, did she tell him the amount of her father's wealth in the sea. The Isaacs are surrounded by shallows. Ralph searched long, and at last found. An almost untold wealth was the dower of his bride.

To this day, Ralph the wrecker, oft relates to his children's children the tale of the wreck.

Facts in Human Life.

The number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 8064—587 in Europe, 896 in Asia, 276 in Africa, and 1264 in America. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 28 years. One quarter die previous to the age of seven years; one half before reaching seventeen; and those who pass this age enjoy a facility which is refused to one half the human species. To every 1000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100 only 6 reach the age of 65; and not more than one in 500 lives to eighty years of age. There are on earth 1,000.000,-000 inhabitants; and of these 33,333,333 die every year; 91,324 every day; 3805 every hour, and 63 every minute; more than one every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor, previous to being fifty years of age, than men have, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in proportiun of 75 to every 1000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes; that is during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.—*English Quarterly.*

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, OCTOBER, 7, 1854.

The Liquor Traffic.

[*Crowded out of our first issue.*]

On consulting our programme, we find this important subject put down among the rest for discussion in our first number. Well, we shall not excuse ourself, although it was rather indiscreet to cut out so much work on Monday and promise to finish it all by Saturday.

Since it has become evident to our mind that "moral suasion" is not sufficiently potent to cope with the million-headed monster, Intemperance, we have assented to the proposition that strong measures should be used. The champions of sobriety and sanity have been throwing grass at it till they find it only provokes its laughter, and they have wisely come to the conclusion to "try what virtue there is in stones," We cannot, in this article, expatiate at large on the evils which result from the intemperate use of alcoholic beverages in this country. A quarto volume would not tell half of the tale of horrors which a single year's history of rum's doings in this country would furnish. If England or France or Russia, or any power of earth should inflict one tenth part of the injury upon this nation that it suffers from intemperance, the whole power and resources of the country would be employed against the enemy, and the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of lives, and hundreds of millions of treasure, would be readily and cheerfully submitted to, rather than to endure such afflictions and degradations unresistingly.

This country and its institutions hold out great inducements to the toiling poor, who labor for next to nothing under the oppressive social systems of Europe. Stern necessity compels them to adopt and practise habits of life suited to the meager pittance received for their labor. The per-diem shilling will afford only sufficient of the coarsest and cheapest fare to sustain life in a family. Inured to this pinching economy, immigrants who come hither from those countries can live and thrive on an income which would be starvation and death to native citizens.

Doubly oppressed at home are the poor of Ireland; and therefore doubly are they fortified against the pinchings of poverty. They are not only skinned by the nobility, aristocracy and established church of the country, all of whom have to draw their support from the product of labor, of which they perform none, but their bare bones have to be picked again to sustain the papal clergy, upon whom devolves the important and somewhat difficult duty of keeping them out of purgatory, and of praying them out when they slip in for want of extreme unction. Such men as these, when they come to this country, can live and support a family on the profits arising from the retail of half a gallon of whiskey per diem. Although they were not able to carry on that business at home, where the taxes must be forth coming on all such occupations, they probably never heard it intimated that the business was immoral. Therefore they have no casuistical compromises to make with themselves when they determine to go into it here. Now, supposing moral suasion should labor with native dealers in alcoholic beverages till they all come to see their error and abandon the traffic—not a very supposable case, we admit—what could it do with these immigrants? Talk to one of them about the immorality of holding the cup to the drunkard's mouth, and if you could succeed in producing a serious impression on his mind, what would he do? Sure enough, what else would he do but to go, for counsel, to father O'Somebody, who has his cheeks crimsioned, his eyes blazing and his breath reeking with brandy. The counsel which he would receive there, and the utility of preaching to him afterwards, may be conveniently guessed at. As a continuous stream of these is flowing into the country, ready to take the place of every native and every Americanized foreigner who can be induced to abandon the traffic, it is folly to think of combatting the almost omnipotent evil, without something more potent than suasory arguments and appeals to conscience.

We have no desire that a prohibitory law shall be enacted which will violate any article section or clause of the constitution. We feel tender of that instrument, for it has, probably, been more scarified aleady than any other one of its age ever has been in this country. Nor would we insist on the enactment of such a law, though it did not conflict with the constitution, if we had good reason to believe that it was not desired by a decided majority of the people. We all acknowledge the principle that the majority of the people should rule; and if there be not a majority of the people in favor of the enactment of a prohibitory liquor law, no such law should be enacted. It would be sufficiently difficult to enforce a prohibitory law, in this state, with a small majority in its favor. Without such majority, its enforcement would be impracticable. We still hope, ho[illegible]vever, that there is such a majority, and that measur[illegible]s will be taken to shut up the thousands of infamous [illegible] holes in which the time, shillings, respectability a[illegible]nd sanity of husbands and fathers are fooled away, [illegible] in which young lads commence the practice of [illegible] drunkedness by drinking beer, and finish their edu[illegible]cation with whiskey; where the boisterous mir[illegible]th of revellers lure the unwary passer by to step [illegible]n and see what is going on, there to be led blindfo[illegible]ld into the toils of the destroyer; where men are stripped of every good quality of their natures and prepared to become tenants of prisons and penitentiaries; where the incipient step is frequently taken in the career of one, which terminates at the end of a halter.

We care not what the form of the law is which shuts up those thousands of sinks of iniquity which produce nineteen-twentieths of the crime and all the pauperism of the states, save so much of each as we are constantly receiving in fresh importations from the old countries. All that we require is, that whatever shape it takes, it shall be enforced and not allowed to become a dead letter, as existing laws on that subject have. We have, in other situations, frequently proposed that, instead of a prohibitory law, resort should be had to high taxation. This would make it the duty of officers, who are thereunto bound by their bail bonds and their oaths of office, to carry out the law to the letter. Our plan has been to tax all dealers in intoxicating beverages, beginning with the manufacturer and the importer, and proceeding down to the two-penny whiskey vender. We would make the minimum tax on the business of liquor dealing, not less than one hundred dollars, and would carry it up to five or ten thousand for manufacturers and importers. We would make a single sale of intoxicating liquor evidence that the vendor is a liquor dealer and liable to be assessed as such. We would allow no property, not even a bed or a chair, to be exempt from distress for this tax; and we would make the body of the vendor liable to the execution, for the want of property.—Such a law must and would be enforced, whilst a penal statute would fail to be carried into effect for want of prosecutors, as has ever been the case with such laws in this country.

Politics.

This is the season of the year when party politics is ripe, rife and rampant throughout the length and breadth of the country. It is the time when men gather in little groups in the streets and talk in low tones so that the passer by, who is not one of their party or faction, may not hear what they are saying to each other. It is the time when candidates bow to, smile upon, and shake hands with all they meet, indiscriminately, and do it without manifesting the least symptoms of shame for the hypocrisy they are practising. The people who thus receive their annual offering in a wreath of smiles and a grasp of a politicians hand, well understand that it is an unwilling tribute; yet they stop on their way to receive it from men vastly their inferiors in all the moral qualities; seeming to consider themselves favored by this annual condesention. Why is this? What is the secret of this desire to be noticed by "leading politicians?" Honest hearted men who thus stop to receive annual recognition and smiles, are fully aware of the hollowness of the hearts from which they receive them, and inwardly despise what they so readily accept.

In the lowest order of those who are thus noticed during the election moon, it is a kind of triumph which says: "Aha! old fellow, I'm somebody now, am I? You have to humble yourself to *me* now. At other times you go by me with your head up and your nose straight forward. Now you are glad to look about you. I've a great mind not to speak to *you* now; and I wouldn't if it wasn't for the corruption fund and the whiskey and the beer.—In the better classes, it is that over-riding spirit of selfishness which is forever looking ahead for some official favor—some crumbs of emolument, that may chance to fall even from the hands of one whom they heartily despise. He may—they argue with themselves—be a favorite with the admnistration; and I may, through his influence, be brought into notice and favor, and receive some of the honey-dew that falls so copiously from the national treasury, operating as an artificial stimulous to keep up a party which the administration is too weak and unpopular to sustain. It is very difficult, in the present deranged state of party politics, for a candidate and his electioneeriong friends to know whom to bestow their most gracious smiles upon. They are cheap, however; and if a few are thrown away upon barren rocks and arid soil, the loss is not material.

If we look at the ants on a mole-hill, and observe how each one goes his own way, regardless of all others, seeming to have no definite notion of whither he is going himself, and taking care not to go in the same direction that any one else is going, we shall have a pretty fair representation of political parties and factions, as they are at present in this state.—There are the hards and the softs, the silver greys and the woolies, all becoming more and more isolated and dissimilar in feeling and sentiment, with the exception of the plunder-principle, which is pervading but not harmonizing. The hards and softs can no more be made to coalesce by any process of political chemistry, than gravel-stones and shreds of caoutchouc can by material chemistry. And the woolies and cottons of the old whig party are carrying out the jewish law which forbids the mingling of different materials in the cloth of which garments are made. "Thou shalt not mingle woollen and cotton together in thy garment," is their reading of the law; and they are manifesting much repugnance at the idea of violating it, although the attempt is about to be made.

The softs, at present, have the most flattering prospects of success. They have an element of strength which has proved itself very potent for many ages. Their state standard-bearer, by vetoing the act suppressing the liquor traffic, gained the good will of all dealers in the article who intend to continue the business, and as many of the victims of intemperance as do not desire to be saved from destruction. If no other candidate declares himself unqualifiedly opposed to any restriction law, he will secure to himself a party from all the factions, and will stand a fair chance of success. He will draw largely from the whig candidate, who is known to favor the Maine Law; especially from that wing of it which is displeased with the anti slavery principles of their nominee.

There are two other elements of power, which must necessarily take opposite sides, and which will go in full force where they do go. These are the Roman Catholics and the Anti-papists. The former will, in all probability, concentrate their strength upon the soft condidate. They have, proportionally, a much larger rum-seiling and rum-drinking force within themselves, than any other class, party or denomination of people in the United States. Consequently, their affections would naturally incline to the author of the veto. And if he come out decidedly in opposition to the anti-catholic movement, he will secure the whole Irish catholic force. Bishop Hughes will take care of that. And if the anti-papists nominate an independent candidate, we shall have little or no doubt of the election of the soft candidate. A gentleman of high respectability, who is in favor of the election of BRONSON, and who knows as much as any other man about the liquor dealers of the state, affiirms that, if they knew a million of dollars would secure the election of SEYMOUR, and feared for his success without, they would furnish the money.

A New Treaty with Great Britain.

The Columbus *Times* has moved, and the St. Louis *Intelligencer* has seconded the motion, that there shall be a treaty entered into between the United States of America, on the one part, and Great Britain on the other, for the rendition of fugitive Slaves to their owners. In rising to second the motion, the *Intelligencer* thus lamely ratiocinates:

"It is the undoubted duty of the Federal Government to see to the protection of the lawful property of all its subjects. As long as they owe it obedience, it owes them protection; it is instituted for no other end than to afford it."

In the first place, he of the *Intelligencer* has mistaken the nature of the United States government. The "Federal Government" has no "subjects." The people of the United States are themselves sovereign, owing no allegiance to any power under heaven but to themselves. They acknowledge themselves under obligation of obedience to any form of government or code of laws which they institute and adopt by their representatives, till they see fit to annul or modify them. To do this their will is all powerful; and the Federal government, to which the *Intelligencer* appeals as to a patronizing despotism, has no alternative but to carry their behests into effect. The reverse of the *Intelligencer's* philosophy, is the true one in this country. It is the government which is the subject, and the people the sovereign power.

There is no such thing as "lawful property" in human beings, in the laws of Great Britain, nor in the laws of sixteen states of this Union. There is an original compact between these states, which allows slave-holders in slaveholding states, or apprentice holders in any states, to follow and reclaim "fugitives from labor." This is a clause in the constitution of the United States, simply commanding fugitives from labor to be surrendered to those to whom their service is due. This command is addressed to state authorities, legislative, executive and judicial. On this very brief and very simple clause, Congress has been guilty of enacting laws, without the least shadow of authority. Not a word of that clause is addressed to Congress, nor does it authorize congressional legislation, either by its letter, its spirit or its relation to any other clause or word of the constitution.—Yet Congress has legislated with reference to it; first, through inadvertance, and for want of that cautious discrimination which the importance of the subject should have commanded; and, since that, through willfulness and corruption. All laws enacted by Congress on thot subject, are as unconstitutional as a law conferring titles of nobility. When the legislature goes beyond the limits the constitution to enact a law, it is just as unconstitutional and nugatory as an act passed in violation of an express prohibition. These laws must be all swept away, and the states left to regulate that matter, in accordance with the national constitution, if any regulation be deemed necessary; for no such people as those constituting this nation, can be compelled to respect and obey laws enacted without constitutional authority.

In commenting on this shallow proposition of the *Times*, and more shallow argument of the *Intelligencer*, the Albany *Journal* says:—"When the high contracting powers set about drawing up this Treaty, they will want a precedent. Fortunately, we are able to supply them with one. Nine hundred and fifty years ago, before printing was invented, before Columbus discovered America, before Common Schools, before the Habeas Corpus, before the Magna Charta, before the modern Law of Nations, before the Protestant Reformation—in short, in the very darkest core and centre of what are probably called the Dark Ages—there was such a Treaty. There have been none since. It reads thus:"

If a Russian slave take flight, his master shall have the right and power to pursue him, and *hunt* him, and capture him, wherever he shall be found; and any person who shall oppose the master in the execution of this right, shall be deemed guilty of violating this Treaty, and be punished accordingly.—*Treaty between Russia and Greece*, 904.

Yes, this was a law of the Dark Ages. In 1850, the human family having had the advantage of 946 years of farther progress in moral refinement, the American nation, professing to enjoy and promote personal, political and religious liberty above all the other nations of the earth, enacted a much more liberal law in favor of slaveholders than this treaty "between a heathen and a despot." This American improvement upon the Russian and Greek slave law, does not require the slave owner to pursue him, hunt him and capture him. It commands the people of the free states, whose consciences repudiate the idea that one man can be the chattel property of another, to pursue, hunt, catch, manacle and return to their owners all runaway slaves, and makes it a penal offence for them to mind their own business in preference to this duty of slave catching, amercing every one who refuses to join in the slave chase, at the word of command, in a fine of one thousand dollars. How highly are we, of this enlightenhd country and generation, favored, to what those Russian and Greek heathens were, in the age when intellectual and moral darkness brooded over the world!

"Why are you so bitter against Irishmen?"

This question was asked us by an Irishman for whom we entertain the most friendly feeling, some day or two after the issue of our first number.

So far from feeling bitterness or hostility to Irishmen, as Irishmen, we have ever felt deep sympathy for the Irish people, and ever admired the warm-heartedness and bright, off-hand intellect, which are their prominent characteristics. Indeed, we never knew more perfect gentlemen and ladies than we have found among the upper classes of the Irish. The worst of it is, that the opposite extreme embraces too large a majority of the people of Ireland. Ignorance, blind bigotry and idolatrous adoration of the priesthood, are the characteristics of the bulk of the nation; whilst intelligence, refinement and enlarged liberality of sentiment, constitute the exceptions. The disparity of numbers between the two classes, is so great, that the former gives character to the Irish nation.

We appear to be more severe in our strictures upon the Irish than upon any other American citizens of foreign nativity; and so we are, not because we are prejudiced against them on account of their birth place, but because we find them perfectly subservient and non-resisting to the papal priesthood. They worship them as Gods, although they profess not to do so. What less than a deity is a being who can do no wrong? What being more worthy of divine honors than one who stands for God himself, forgiving all sins in his name, and exercising an influence which redeems souls from purgatory? The papish laity of other nations are not so deeply stultified by priest craft as the Irish. Hence the Irish make more dangerous American citizens than any other foreign people. The Germans in this country, are daily proving themselves superior to the abject slavery which the papal priesthood require of them. In the Roman states, where the head of the church presides in person over all the temporal and spiritual interests of the people, the standard of rebellion was raised and waved in triumph, and he had to fly to save his head. When the Irish last rebelled, it was against British oppression, and not against that immensely worse tyranny which is exercised over the soul—that of the papal hierarchy. What did the papal priesthood do then? *They were plowed with, like Job's heifer*, and they interfered and promptly put down the rebellion. If they have such power over the Irish in Ireland, what could they not do with them here, if we were at war with a Roman Catholic nation?

But we will apologise for this fatuity in the Irish people. They are oppressed at home by every kind of taxation, which grinds them to the dust; and they have to be tithed for the support of a protestant clergy, whose religious teachings are loathsome to them. The papal clergy, having to come in behind the established clergy, who leave very few crumbs for them to glean, are esteemed by the papal laity, what they really are, fellow sufferers with them. Hence they do not manifest the hauteur and arrogance of deportment, nor practise the tyranny of rule which characterize them in countries where they wield the principal power of oppression, or even here in America, where no other clergy lords it over God's heritage.—This more brotherly sympathy between the papal clergy and laity of Ireland, on account of their common grievances, is what makes the Irish people so dangerously obsequious to their clergy here.

Who holds the Offices?

Under this query in the Chicago *Tribune* a statement appears, taken from the Baltimore *Patriot*, showing that, of 4,403 United States officers, 3,[illegible]02 were native Americans, and only 401 naturalized citizens. This is followed by an extract from the *Raftsman's* Journal, as follows:

"The correctness of this estimate will be seen when we examine the list of Custom House officers, in the different States, in which alone 1837 foreigners are employed, and only 215 Americans! We have taken pains to obtain a correct list of the employees of the general government. The following is the result, and we defy any one to show that it is incorrect, in any essential particular.

WASHINGTON, D. C.	AMER.	FOR.
State Department.	12	16
Treasury Department,	139	278
Department of the Interior,	339	500
Officers and agents in the service of the House of Representatives,	10	40
Post Office Department,	14	80
Ministers and Consuls,	151	106
Coast Survey,	15	30
United Stated Mint,	25	12
Light-house board, inspectors and keepers,	34	392
United States Revenue, Marine service,	35	30
	773	1484

Thus then, instead of 401, we have a total of ONE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTY FOUR foreigners, to *seven hundred and seventy three* Americans!"

For the Age of Progress.

MR. EDITOR :—

I understand you to say that you will not reject respectful communications on the subject of the assumed spiritual phenomena, from actual investigators. I have attended numerous sittings of spiritualists, and endeavored to find satisfactory evidence that the phenomena are spiritual, but all to no successful issue. I have always received two falsehoods to one truth, when I asked questions of the rappers and tippers, whatever they are; and all the truths I ever did get I judge to be guess work. I once asked for the spirit of my brother John, who died in Cuba. I was immediately informed that he was present, and he addressed me very pathetically, calling me dear brother, and exhorting me not to be skeptical. I never had such a brother, nor any brother not now living. How do you account for these things? I would be glad to believe, if I could, but I have found no evidence yet that does not discourage farther investigation.

Respectfully yours,

SEEKER.

Answer to "Seeker."

If you are a sensible, intelligent, sober and moral man, you cannot abide the society of men with stolid intellects, without cultivation, drunken, profane and obscene. There is no affinity between you and them. If circumstances bring you together, you cannot remain in their company. They are repulsive to you and you to them. So it would be if you were the drunken and immoral wretch, and they the opposite characters. This is a fact which is well known to you, let your intellectual and moral character be what it may; for it is evident, from your communication, that you are not destitute of ordinary capacity of mind. You may be between the two extremes; and if you are, you have little affinity for either of them, and they have as little for you. Keep this truth in your mind till we get through with this interview: *Like attracts Like, in every department of nature.*

Men and women who live immoral lives in this world, who know not true wisdom and practise not its precepts, are not baptized in the waters of truth, wisdom and holiness, the instant they "shuffle off this mortal coil." They enter the second state of existence just as they leave the first, and remain so till they can be induced, by ministering spirits, to heed their teachings and enter upon a course of redeeming labors. At all times thereafter, they will know just so much more than they knew in the flesh, as they have learned in the regular course of teaching and experience, since their transition. From these circumstances, "Seeker" will perceive that there must be every grade of morals among the inhabitants of the spirit realm. Those least developed and most tainted with the immoralities practised in the earth life, are ever hovering near the earth and ready to communicate when they can find an opportunity. The necessary opportunity is afforded when immoral men and women are developed as mediums, or when such ones meet in circles in presence of mediums. Those undeveloped and untruthful spirits cannot approach circles of men and womem of elevated morals. But when immoral persons call for communicating spirits, like will come to like, and more falsehoods will be told than truths.

Those undeveloped spirits do not always—mayhap very seldom—design to speak falsely. They are asked thousands of questions which they know nothing about. Men and women who foolishly suppose that all disembodied spirits are necessarily omniscient, will ask questions of them which can be answered only by God himself, or by those to whom he may choose to impart the necessary knowledge.—Such spirits are always ready to answer, whether truly or not. If they find an answer to the question in the mind of the inquirer, that answer they will give, whether it be right or wrong, supposing it to be the true one. If they know the true answer to a question, they are more likely to give it than a wrong one, even though they are undeveloped. But the great fault of questioners, even of the better classes, is that they will ask thousands of frivolous questions which they have sufficient means to find the answers to themselves, and which are not worth answering at all. The most dangerous questioning of spirits is of things relating to the business affairs of the questioner.—We suppose that any man or woman in the flesh, is a much better judge of the probable success of any business project, than the spirit of any relative or freind who can be induced to give an opinion. Things of earth are out of their line. Their spheres of action are not here, and they are not employed in searching out the best measures of human economy. They revisit us for vastly more important purposes than to tell us how our aunt Molly is, who lives in Iowa or Maine; how soon it will rain; what night of September the first frost will come; or where there is treasure buried. They come to cure the human family of that growing skepticism which does not accept the doctrine of spiritual existence, and which is even shaking its head at the propossition that there is a God. This, and the redemption of the world from religious errors and immoral practises, constitute the mission of disembodied spirits.

Our correspondent, "Seeker," will remember that his fictictous spirit brother, came at the call of a false questioner. *Like came to like*. Falsehood responded to falsehood. Cheat answered to cheat. Thus it will ever be. As long as falsehood and deception prevail here, so long they will be carried there. The enlarged spirit takes position in the spirit life "according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be evil." Elevated spirits come to teach us to do good to each other, which is the only possible means we have of serving God. They labor to divest us of our evil propensities and to turn our minds to the pursuit of courses which will elevate us morally and spiritually, that we may take correspondingly elevated positions when we get to that home to which we are hastening. Let those who spurn their teachings and denounce them as devils, take heed lest they be found fighting against God.

Organization of Circles.

At a Circle held by appointment of the Spirits, on Sabbath evening last, two Circles were organized by them, through Miss B., by means of the alphabet and raps. The one is a Circle of twenty-five persons, named by the spirits, to meet once each week and receive communications and witness physical demonstrations.—The other is a small Circle, organized for the purpose of receiving lectures from elevated spirits, on various philosophical and scientific subjects, to be published in *The Age of Progress*. This is to be a working circle, in which no member is allowed to ask or receive any personal communications. It will not be a circle of which membership will be desirable, as perfectly passive obedience will be required; and all that is received will be made public.

To give our spiritual readers an idea of the work laid out for the winter, we annex the programme of the spirits, each one communicating the part he is to take, and signing his name to it.

JOHN WESLEY has already commenced a lecture on the Bible and the nativity of Christ, which, it will be seen, he desires to have published.

It was asked of the spirits present if the confession of Fogarty should be published in *The Age of Progress;* to which it was replied: Yes, you may do so; but implicate no one by name. Thereupon, Forgarty himself, who, it seems, was present, exclaimed, through the raps; God be praised! I shall now progress. Signing his name—FOGARTY.

Here follows the programme, in the language of the spirits:

"I wish you to publish the lecture I am now giving, with regard to the Bible and the birth of Christ and his mission upon earth.
JOHN WESLEY."

"When our spirit brother, Wesley, completes his lecture, I shall commence one upon the Philosophy of the Mind.
WASHINGTON."

"Then I shall deliver a lecture upon Human Anatomy. DAYTON."

"I shall deliver lectures upon the Philosophy of the separation of the Spirit from the form. CHANNING."

"Mine shall be upon the virtue of Hydropathy. PREISSNITZ."

"Mine shall be upon the Philosophy of Electricity, Thunder and Lightning.
FRANKLIN."

"Mine shall be upon the different Planets and their relation to the Spirit world.
NEWTON."

"Mine shall be upon Homœopathy.
HAHNEMANN."

"Mine upon the Philosophy of taking Spiritual Daguerreotypes. DAGUERRE."

"Mine shall be upon the War between Russia and Turkey. NAPOLEON."

"Mine upon the Christian Churches.
ANN H. JUDSON."

"Mine shall be upon the Inebriate.
SARAH B. JUDSON."

"Mine upon Home Missions.
FANNY FORRESTER."

"Mine upon the Mission of Woman.
MRS. JOHN WESLEY."

"Mine shall be a description of the Spirit Land. JOSEPHINE."

"Mine upon Poetry.
FRANCIS OSGOOD."

"Mine shall be upon Popery and Catholicism. MAC DONALD."

Go and be Healed.

MADAME STEWART, who is staying at the *Mansion*, in this city, to practise her wonderful art of healing, till duty calls her to some other locality, will attend to the examination of patients, every week-day, from 9 A. M., to 9 P. M. For examination and consultation she charges nothing. If required to prescribe, she will charge according to the case and attendant circumstances. She says she knows what cases she can cure and what she cannot, and will promise nothing which she cannot perform. Those who call on her should give no hint of what their complaints are. Her discerning and healing power is a gift which she cannot account for.

CONVERSATIONAL INTERCOURSE WITH THE SEXES.—What makes those men, who associate habitually with women, superior to others?—What makes that woman, who is accustomed to, and at her ease in the company of men, superior to her sex in general? Why are the women of France so universally admired and loved, for their colloquial powers? Solely because they are in the habit of a free, graceful and continual conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation, in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart is interchanged continually. Their asperities are rubbed off; their materials polished and brightened; and their richness, like fine gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women, than it could be by those of men. The iron and steel of our character are laid aside, like the harness of a warrior in time of peace and security.

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Confession of Fogarty.

The spirit of Fogarty, the Irishman, who was executed in this city for the murder of Brown, repeatedly visited the writer in his sleeping apartment, and importuned him to take his confession. So importunate was he, and so pathetically did he appeal for an opportunity to confess his crime and relieve his suffering soul from the weight of guilt which crushed it, that the writer, at length, consented; and it was agreed that they should meet in the presence of a rapping medium, for the purpose.

Fogarty had been in the habit of visiting all the spiritual circles and attempting to control all the media which he found in the mesmeric state, for the purpose of making his confession through them; but when he succeeded in getting control of any one, he could do nothing but contort their features, pull their hair with their hands and beat their foreheads with their clenched fists. This, he tells us, is in consequence of the agonizing effect of his unconfessed guilt upon his soul.

The writer, hoping to afford him the relief which he expected to experience from a public confession to his fellow men, whose laws, as well as the law of God and of his own nature, he had so horribly outraged, did meet him according to compact, and, at six different sittings, took down, first, his appeal to the bishop and priest who took his confession in the prison, but who suppressed it and refused to allow him to make public confession; and second, his confession of the part he took in the murder, with all the circumstances in minute detail.—These we shall publish in our next number. Then the bishop and priest who took his confession in the prison, will be enabled to judge whether there is any truth in spiritual communications or not. They, as a matter of course, will never tell the world how well the two confessions corroborate each other; but we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that their minds will be convinced that the agonized spirit of the deluded victim of vice, has found means to make the truth known to the world. His accomplices—there were two of them—need not fear exposure from this publication; for Fogarty neither gave their names nor any clue to their indentity. Their names, as we are led to believe, are safe in the keeping of the catholic clergy. Fogarty said: "One sacrifice of life is as much as the law should require;" and he refused to give the names. The appeal to his confessors and his confession, were rapped out, letter by letter, as they will appear in our next issue. He says he was illiterate; but his language is indicative of no little native talent.

For the Age of Progress.

Friend Albro:

Allow me the privilege of saying to you that I am sorry for the position which you have assumed with your new paper. It is not because I am a Catholic that I am sorry for this course of yours. It is for yourself that I am sorry. You have taken a position of hostility to a religious sect, on account of their faith, and you have united yourself with the rabble of their proscribers, who have been stimulated to action by the street preaching of miserable vagabonds, who have been cast out of the catholic church as unclean spirits. and who are eating the bread of religious prostitution, for want of courage to rob or cunning to steal. Go to the literary depots of the city and see what you find there. Look at those piles of truly "Know Nothing" papers, which you will see there. Open them and see what they are made of. Literally crammed with abusive slanders of the church of god, without truth, talent or decency.. Do you expect to compete, successfully, with this increasing flood of base ephemera, for the applause of the multitude who are drunk, for the moment with the spirit of intolerance? If you do, you must have passed into dotage. You once had a mind that could not have been thus fooled. What has become of it? You was once liberal and tolerant. By what process have you been thus metamorphosed? I say again, I am sorry for the position which you have assumed. This out-break will die all the sooner for its violence; and then where will you be? This you should have considered before taking the step which you have taken.

From your friend,

An Irish Catholic.

Remarks.

In admitting the foregoing communication, we depart from a rule which we intend to adhere to on all occasions, unless, as in the present instance, we deem it expedient to do otherwise. We mean that of rejecting all communications which are not accompanied with the name of the writer. We have a right to know who our correspondents are, before we admit their communications; and this right we intend to assert. It suits us, now, however, to waive the right and admit the communication, not caring who the writer is, or whether he or she be really an Irish catholic, or any other catholic, or no catholic at all. We choose to use it as introductory to remarks which we might probably have deemed it necessary to make, if the writer had not written.

Those who have read our editorial articles for the last two or three years, are aware that we have not been influenced to the course we take in relation to Roman Catholics, either by street preaching or by the new impulse which has arrayed so large a portion of the native population of the country against them. Nor is it the religious faith of the sect that we war against. In the true spirit of our republican institutions, we freely tolerate every shade of religious opinion, whether protestant, papish, jewish, Mehomedan or heathen. But whilst we are willing to tolerate the faith of all, as entertained by themselves, we do not choose to hold still and let either of them baptize us in their faith, contrary to our conscience, or to allow them to establish their religion as the compulsory faith of the nation, without raising our voice in opposition to it. Against the original catholic church, or the tenets of religious faith which it inculcated, we have no word to say. Our opposition to the Roman Catholics, as such, is based upon the organic structure of their religious system—upon the rank corruptions which have metamorphosed the mother church—upon the coercive power of the papish hierarchy by which they are governed—upon the absolute sovereignty and despotic sway of their spiritual and temporal king, the pope of Rome—upon the slavish adherence to the Roman power of all papists, wherever they are located throughout the world, and their readiness, at all times and under all circumstances, to do the bidding of the pope and his bishops and priests, let that bidding be what it may.

We confess that we have felt more alarm at the prospect of the spread of popery, within the last two or three years, than ever we had felt before. Certain movements on the part of the papal clergy, in this country, and certain givings out of their press, within that period, have alarmed us, and we have looked at their movements with cautious solicitude and no little fear for the result of their machinations. We have witnessed a systematic and united effort on the part of the papish priesthood and press, to break down the educational institutions of this country. We have seen that their hostility to free and general education, has increased with the augmentation of their numerical strength; and we have seen them make a general movement to break it down by the procurement of legislative action, to which end they applied all the power and influence they could command. In this movement we saw that their adherents all pulled in their harness as tamely and truly as the most skilfully trained cattle, regardless of any other consideration than that of servile obedience to their spiritual masters. We see continually, as we note passing events, that, especially among the Irish papists, blind-eyed, close-mouthed and unhesitating obedience to the papal priesthood, is deemed paramount to all other duties and all other virtues. There is no enquiring of conscience about right and wrong. The priest is the keeper of the papist layman's conscience, and will take care that all will go well with him in the future state, if he practise implicit obedience continually.

Thus beleiving and thus acting, we do not believe the institutions of the country to be safe in their hands, either in whole or in part. We do not consider men with souls thus enslaved, to be safe repositories of political power in this country. We deem their servility to despotic sway, to be unsuited to any but such forms of government as those they left behind them when they came hither; and we deem it unsafe to the institutions of our country for such persons to wield the elective ballot. We confess that we did not entertain this opinion before we had occasion to look closely into the *regime* of the papal hierarchy and the humble servility of the papish laity. Our sympathies went freely out to meet the oppressed ones of the old world, when they came to our shores, and in our unbounded confidence, we felt willing to intrust to their keeping the invaluable boon which we enjoyed ourself. A closer insight into their relations and obligations to the most liberty-hating despot on earth, and the reflection that he can wield them at will, through the roman prelacy in this country, just as he pleases, even against their strongest inclinations, have convinced us that our liberality was too broad. Hence we would withold the right of suffrage and eligibilety to office from all subjects of the Pope of Rome, till they should renounce popery as they do their political allegiance to foreign powers. As respects the recent movement, of which our correspondent speaks, it has not influenced us in the least.

The news since our last issue.

Since the issue of our first number, we have had a smart little relaspe of cholera here in Buffalo; but it was confined to a single locality, and has been effectually subdued by the frosts of October, so that we do not now hear of a case.

From Europe there has been little news of importance, saving the fall of bread-stufis, consequent upon the ample harvest of Europe, and the breaking of many strong banks which held the prices up. It would have occasioned great suffering among the poor of this country if the extravagantly high prices to which bread-stuffs and other provisions had risen, could have been kept up through the coming winter. Such is the natnre of speculators in bread, that they will hold on as long as there is hope of a higher price. If wheat were ten dollars per bushel, and there appeared to be a probability that it would be higher, they wonld not sell a bushel, though half of the poor of the country should perish for want of it. Speculators are the Ishmaelites of the present age, throughout the world.

Court of Hymen.

Rev. R. Eddy presiding.—October 4, 1854.

Mr. C. W. Sternberg and Miss Laura A—n daughter of Mr. Lathrop Drake, were arraigned on a charge of mutual affection. The parties plead guilty and were sentenced to labor for each other's benefit during life. All present who had never been similarly sentenced, evidently considered it *capital* punishment.

Spiritualism.

The following communication, purporting to come from the spirit of Emanuel Swedenborg, was given through Miss Brooks, of this city, when she was but fifteen years old. It was in presence of a circle of nearly twenty persons, whose names might be given. She was in the abnormal state, and received and spoke it, two or three words at a time, waiting at each interval for the recording clerk to write. She heard the words spoken by the communicating spirit, and repeated them after him, as they were spoken to her. The voice was not audible to any one but herself. She has kept it in manuscript from then till now.

"Oh! ye inhabitants of earth, believe in our philosophy. Friends of this circle, seek for a holy and God-like wisdom, and drink from that fountain which is inexhaustible.—Angels will protect you from all harm. Put on the whole armor of God and fight until all skepticism shall be swept from earth. Cease not until you hear the echoes from the courts of Heaven: Come home! thy earthly work is finished. Let your hearts be linked together in the golden chain of love.

Friends, will you listen to the one who speaks to you in the voice of love? Seek until you find that which spirits desire to reveal unto you. Sweet messengers are sent from above to teach you the beauties and glories that pervade the spirit world; and will you lend a listening ear to what they say to you? Oh! could you but see one ray of the spiritual light that surrounds me, it would require a struggle as it were to prevent you from being absorbed into one of our number. Oh! how great and glorious are the works of God! All goodness and glory come from him; all are as one body and one mind here. Jesus says unto you, press onward until all error and evil shall fade from earth. This ye can do if you let nothing but love, truth and harmony dwell in your minds. Contemplate more upon divine love and divine wisdom. Let a holy, calm and serene influence steal over you as you contemplate upon this bright and celestial world.—Oh! raise your drooping thoughts to a more elevated and perfect sphere than earth. Raise them until you hear the response from the spirit land: I come! I come! thy earthly life is closed! come to thy eternal and unfading home. Listen, listen, oh ye that will, to messengers sent to you from above, that the inhabitants of earth may be purified and enlightened. The seraphs are now waiting for you to aid them in performing this great and mighty work. Oh! ye inhabitants of earth, can ye not believe in this new era, just dawning upon earth? Have not seraphs from above declared this to you? Have not angels of love whispered to you that our philosophy is true? Does not every leaf, flower and plant of earth say unto you that the Lord has commenced his great and mighty work upon earth? Does not the breeze which so gently caresses your surrounding groves, declare this to you? Does not the great and mighty ocean tell you, now is the time for you to commence your earthly work? Does not the little brook that goes prattling on towards its destined receptacle, say unto you, all is love? And does not the truth continually stream from heaven's golden portals? O, then, ye that will, believe and aid us all ye can in forming earth anew!

Friends, let me exhort you to commence now and let your course be heavenward; and when you meet together, commune awhile with spirits and contemplate upon their glorious and happy state. Let nothing that is not virtuous enter your minds; and remember when trials and troubles visit you, that spirits are near to sustain you in them. Let our philosophy be your guide. It will spread upon earth. It cannot dwell alone with one person or a few persons. It now stretches out far beyond the limited conceptions of the human mind. It cannot be confined within the lids of a book; but, like its author, exist every where. It speaks to you from all the works of God, from the smiling earth to the radiant heavens. It is whispered to you in the messages of love that angels send. Every one that is a believer in our philosophy, has one of the richest treasures of earth. Our philosophy, in its more perfect and unfolding refinements, will illume the soul as the golden beams of the sun illume the morn. Let your hearts be encouraged; the light which has already dawned upon earth will continue to grow brighter and clearer, and all those who live in darkness will soon perceive those heavenly truths as they fall upon earth. Is it not impossible for them to stay the waves of the mighty ocean? So is it impossible for them to blot out the truth which has recently dawned upon them. Oh! then, let your efforts to gain more knowledge of this sublime work be earnest and unceasing. Superstition and bigotry are on the decline.—Fear not—all is well. Soon will the veil of ignorance and error be removed from the vision of all souls. Soon will our philosophy beam in all its loveliness. Soon will earth be made more holy, although there are so many millions within the dark temple of superstition, bound with the chain of ignorance. Be of good courage—God is near. The fragrant breath of heaven now fans the aching brow.—All things fair and beautiful speak of a higher sphere, where sorrow, impurity, superstition and bigotry cannot exist. Then arouse thee! Sleep no longer! Spirits of a higher circle are waiting to strike their golden lyres to declare unto you that earth is made anew.

Emanuel Swedenborg."

☞ We have now gotten our matters so arranged that we hope to be able to continue the publication of our paper weekly without interruption. We hope our friends will think of us and remember that our enterprize requires all the aid that they can give us, in the way of subscription and other patronage.

Employment for Woman.

We find the following extract from an editorial article which we took from some exchange paper months ago, but which we neglected to mark with the waif of the author. Nor can we now tell with any certainty whence we got it; but the language strikes us as that of the N. Y. *Tribune*. Be this as it may, the subject is well handled, and the most of the sentiments it contains are such as we would be willing to acknowledge as our own:

"The point of view in which the radical viciousness of the present position of Woman appears to us most striking, is that of Employment. To be denied the Right of Suffage may be an ideal grievance, (though the source and support of others that are sternly practical,) while our interest in and attention to Costume has not been sufficient to enable us to decide with any confidence on the merits of Bloomerism. But that a young man of twenty, with any sort of aptitude for work, can almost always find ready employment that wil bring him ten to thirty dollars per month above his board, while his sister, equally willing, energetic and efficient, can with far more difficulty find work that will yield her half so much—this is an enormous and chronic injustice which scepticism cannot gainsay nor levity dissolve in ridicule. What has Conservatism to offer respecting it? What should Christianity impel us to do?

To tell our hundreds of thousands of poor Young Women, who are constantly looking this way and that for opportunities to earn an honorable and comfortable living, that the end of their existence is to be good wives and mothers, is to insult them most stupidly.—What prospect have they, or the half of them, to become wives at all, while so many men spurn the restraints of marriage and riot in dissolute pleasures, and when so many thousands after thousands of our young men are lured away by the still increasing spirit of adventure, to California, Central America, &c., &c.? It is a decree of Fate that a very large portion of the Young Women of our older and more easterly States must remain single, while necessity and self-respect alike forbid that they shall eat the bread of idlenss. They may, if comely, purchase a short season of guilty and debasing luxury by the surrender of all virtue, all decency, all intercourse with reputable society, all trust in God and hope of Heaven; and if the Father of Evil had arranged matters on purpose to drive as many as possible to this horrible alternative, he could hardly have improved much on the Social influences and usages which now surround the friendless daughters of the Poor. Even this is but a limited resource for a very brief season; and still the fact recurs that the great majority of our Young Women must, for a number of years at all events, earn their bread by independent industry, How shall they? and at what?

Needle-work has hitherto been the main resource of the thousands disqualified by delicacy of nuture or fragility of muscle for rough housework; and needle-work is now at its last gasp. We shall be careful not again to run into a hornet's nest by speaking discriminately of Sewing Machines; but speaking generally, we may say—what no one who has looked into the matter will deny—that the needle is sure soon to be consigned to the lumber-room wherein our grandmothers' 'great wheel,' 'little wheel,' loom and 'swifts,' are now silently mouldering. Twenty years more may elapse (though we think not half so many will) before the revolution will have been completed; but the sewing of a long, straight seam otherwise than by machinery is even now a mistake, an anachronism; and the finger-plied needle, though it may be retained a few years longer for button-holes and such fancy work, has but a short lease left. That ever a garment or shoe was sewed entirely by hand, without the aid of machinery, will be told as a marvel to our grandchildren and received by them with wondering incredulity.

The *statu quo*, therefore, with regard to Woman's position is simply impossible. She must advance or sink back into a state of Oriental debasement and abject dependence. A wider scope must be accorded to her faculties, or she might better have been born without them.—Society must either secure her opportunity of earning an independent subsistence, or shield her from famine and shame with the protecting though degrading mantle of Polygamy and virtual Slavery.

The movements of our time, therefore, looking to a wider sphere of Industrial training and effort for Woman, are impelled by a terrible necessity. Place is made for her in the studio of the artist, the shop of the mechanic, behind the counter of the merchant, &c., because she cannot otherwise exist in the equivocal position to which Western Civilization has raised her. Unless she is to be the substantial equal of Man out of wedlock, she cannot be his equal *in* that relation. If she must marry to live, she will soon be constrained to marry whoever will insure her a living; any requirement on her part of fitness or sympathy in the relation must be regarded as an absurd and impracticable fastidiousness. This point attained, the assumption that he who can support half a dozen wives has a perfect moral, and should have an unobstructed legal, right to marry that number, is not to be resisted. Nay: assuming Marriage to be the sole condition wherein Woman may live usefully and worthily, the polygamist becomes a public benefactor, especially of the dependent sex. "The Woman's Movement" of our day, thoughtfully considered, is, in spite of the vagaries of some of its advocates, essentially conservative—a change of position to meet a vital though noiseless change in the industrial and social elements of Woman's allotted sphere, and as such should be regarded and respected."

Indian Bread.

The following is the recipe for making Comstock's celebrated Indian bread, which exceeds all others that we ever tasted. We gave a description of this bread in the columns of the Buffalo *Republic*, after eating a good share of our weight of it at two meals, when we were at Avon:

To 4 quarts of Indian meal, add two eggs and a small quantity of Saleratus. Mix with milk to the consistency of batter for griddle-cakes. Bake in a cast-iron pan, with close fitting cover. Should be buried in the embers of the cook's fire, at 9 o'clock P. M., and remain till time to take it out for breakfast.

Erie County Savings Bank.—This new Banking house, opened on September 1st, is doing a business far beyond its own anticipations, and is now reckoned among the most solid institutions of the State. Its deposits for the first month of its existence, reached within a fraction of $100,000. The prospect is, that it will exceed that amount monthly. The names of the officers of this Bank are a sure guarantee of its soundness and success. See advertisement.

Superstition in France.—In some of the departments of France, where the cholera i raging, the peasants believe that the disease is propagated by travelers, and several have been arrested for firing at the passing trains. It was ascertained that their guns were loaded with powder only, and their purpose was to frighten travelers, so as to diminish at least the number. In several of the provinces, the rural population were persuaded that the steam of the locomotive vitiates the air, and specially occasions the potato rot. A female æronaut, who made a balloon ascent from Paris, and came down in a neighboring department, was maltreated by the country people, who mistook her for a witch. All this in the year of our Lord, 1854!

The Philosophy of Rain.

To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so frequently witnessed since the creation of the world and so essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments, must be remembered.

1. Were the atmosphere everywhere at all times of a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently, its capacity to retain humidity is proportionately greater in warm than cold air.

3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on every high mountain in the hottest climate.

Now, when, from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced, by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, or by the motion of a saturated air to a colder latitude its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot contain. How singular, yet how simple the philosophy of rain! What but Omniscience could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth?

A boy ten years old, son of A. Hoag, of Butternuts, Otsego county, shot his brother, aged five, dead one day last week, The boy found a pistol in a wagon, and playfully said to his little brother, "I'll shoot you," and pulled the trigger. The pistol was loaded and discharged its contents into the heart of the child.

The New York *Sun*, the oldest penny paper in the Union, with an immense circulatian, has been compelled by the high price of paper to reduce its size.

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

" per sack,		$4@4.12½
Flour, extra,	per bbl.	8.25@8.50
" com. to good, West'n,	"	7.25@7.50
Pork, mess,	"	14.00
" prime,	"	12.00@1250
Fish, white,	"	8.00
Salt, fine,	"	1.75
" coarse,	"	1.87½
" "	hlf "	4.25
" trout,	"	8.00
" "	hlf "	4.25
Eggs,	per doz.	12½@15
Butter,	per lb.	20
Honey,	"	12½@15
Cheese,	"	7@ 8c.
Blackberries, dried,	"	10
Plums "	"	12½
Cherries, "	"	12½@14
Currants,	"	6¼
Corn,	per bush.	65
Oats,	"	44@50
Apples, dried,	"	1.00
" green,	"	37½@50
Potatoes,	"	75
Onions,	"	75@87
Chickens, each,		.12½@15

Advertisements.

Poetry.

Summer's Gone.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Hark! Through the dim wood dying,
With a moan,
Faintly the winds are sighing—
Summer's gone!
There when my bruis'd heart feeleth,
And the pale moon her face revealeth,
Darkly my footsteps stealeth,
To weep alone.
Hour after hour I wander,
By men unseen,
And sadly my wrung thoughts ponder
On what *hath* been.
Summer's gone!

There in our green bowers
Long ago,
Our path thro' the tangled flowers
Treading slow—
Ofthand in hand entwining—
Oft side by side reclining—
We watch'd its crimson shining
The sunset glow.
Dimly that sun now burneth
For me alone—
Spring after spring returneth,
Thou art gone,
Summer's gone!

Still on my worn cheek playeth
The restless breeze;
Still in its freshness strayeth
Between the trees.
Still the blue streamlet gusheth—
Still the broad river rusheth—
Still the calm silence husheth
The heart's disease:
But *who* shall bring our meetings
Back again?
What shall recall *thy* greetings—
Loved in vain?
Summer's gone?

The Latin Language.

The *origin* of the Latin Language dates back to a period long preceding the Christian era. A series of emigrations from Central Asia, centuries prior to the birth of Christ, peopled Southern and Middle Europe. The Pelasgians, one of these Asiatic tribes, overran all Italy and Greece. Their language, uniting with other *dialects* of Italy, formed the Latin language. The same Pelasgic element, mingling with other *dialects* of Greece, formed the Greek. It is worthy of notice here, that although the Greek literature is older than the Latin literature, still the language of the latter is believed by scholars to be older than the language of the former. We date the Latin language back to the founding of Rome, 752 B. C., by the Latini, a tribe which dwelt on the banks of the Tiber. It is one of the Indo-Germanic languages.

The Latin language had a very limited *territory* for centuries, being confined chiefly to Middle Italy. But as it had its origin co-eval with the founding of Rome, it shared the triumphs of the Roman arms. It grew with the people. A century before the Christian era, it had ceased to be the unwritten language of a barbarous clan, and had become the language of a nation renowned for literature, refinement, and extensive dominion. At the death of Julius Cæsar, it had extended itself through the whole length of Europe, even to Britain; penetrated east into Asia, and south into Africa. As it was the policy of the Roman Government to colonize the subjugated provinces, it became the official and legal language of the provinces. The modern languages of Europe are monuments of its influence on the native dialects.

Nations, like individuals, have a lifetime. So is it with language. The Latin language had a *duration* of thirteen hundred years. It was spoken from the founding of Rome, some seven centuries before the Christian era, till the middle of the sixth century. The sceptre of Rome was broken, and the language of the mistress of the world ceased to be spoken by the people. New dialects arose. It was not, however, forgotten; on the contrary, it continued to be the language of the Western Church, and hence of the literature of Europe, till the revival of letters in the fifteenth century.

The *literature* of the Latin language may be divided into that of modern and ancient. It is proper to notice only the ancient, in giving a sketch of its literature; because we are considering it while it was a living language. Historians speak of three eras in its literary history: its Iron, its Golden, and its Silver Ages. In each of them it had eminent authors. Its golden age was the century of the Saviour's Advent.

Ennius, a Greek by birth, who lived about 200 years B. C., was the first to teach the Romans to write their own language with ease and elegance. The earliest Latin works were composed about this time, from which, by the imitation of the Grecian writers, whom the Romans always used as models, their literature was rapidly perfected, until the first century before the Christian era, which was the most brilliant epoch of Latin literature. This period, termed the Golden Age, lasted until shortly after the birth of Christ, when Roman literature began to decline. The century subsequent to this was called the *Silver Age* of the Latin language.

The greatest Roman authors lived in the *Golden Age*.

CICERO, born 106 B. C., was called the master of prose eloquence: his most important works are upon oratorical, rhetorical, philosophical, and epistolary subjects, most of which have come down to us.

JULIUS CÆSAR, born 99 B. C., was the leader of the Roman army in Gaul, and carried the Roman arms into Britain. Although he wrote upon various subjects, we have only some of his historical works, the principal of which is an account of the Gallic war, carried on by himself.

SALLUST, another historian, flourished a few years after Cæsar. He wrote an account of the conspiracy of Cataline to overthrow the Roman Government, and a history of the war which the Romans carried on with Jugurtha, the King of Numidia.

Among other celebrated prose writers of this period, we may also mention CORNELIUS NEPOS, a biographer, contemporary with Cæsar; and LIVY, born 59 B. C., who wrote a history of Rome from its foundation to the death of Drusus, A. D. 10.

This age, too, produced the greatest poets.

VIRGIL, born 70 B. C., will ever live in the annals of song. His greatest work is the Æneid, an epic poem, giving an account of the origin of the Roman nation. He was also the author of two other poems—the Georgica, a work on agricultural subjects, and the Eclogue, a pastoral poem. His style is an imitation of the Grecian, a fault common to all Roman literature, with the exception of satire, which was essentially home-born.

HORACE, born 65 B. C., was the favorite of the Emperor Augustus. He was the author of numerous odes and satires, together with two books of Epistles, one of which was upon "The Poetic Art."

OVID, born B. C., 43, is famous for his "Metamorphoses," a series of Grecian mythology.

From the death of Augustus, A. D. 14, Latin began sensibly to decline; and, although during the succeeding three centuries there were numerous writers, yet there were few of note. We may, however, mention two, whose names are familiar to the classical scholar—JUVENAL, a satirist, born in the reign of Claudius; and TACITUS, an historian, who lived during the reigns of Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan.

There are several translations of these works. We commend them to the perusal of the student, before entering on the study of the Latin language. If he reads them in connection with a map of Ancient Geography, and a classical Biographical Dictionary, he will be put in possession of knowledge which will facilitate his acquisition of the language.

These translations should never be used by the student who is attempting to translate the original; for he who avails himself of a translation will seldom if ever violate those principles which are essential to an accurate knowledge of the language.

So much for a sketch of the *origin, growth, duration, territory,* and *literature* of the Latin language.—*Popular Educator.*

Policy of Repealing the Naturalization Laws in view of Asiatic Emigration.

The accessions to the foreign element in our population is no longer confined to emigrants from European nations. The rapid settlement of the golden region of California and the scarcely less productive territory of Oregon, has brought the United States into the immediate neighborhood of the Chinese Empire.—The march of civilization which thousands of years ago commenced from the plains of Asia westward, has at length brought it nearly back to the cradle of its infancy, and its light, a thousand fold increased in brilliancy, is now reflected back across the Pacific from the shores of our new world. It has penetrated the Celestial Empire, for ages sealed against all nations, and her teeming thousands are leaving the "flowery kingdom," to enjoy the blessings of our civil and religious liberty.

The exodus from Ireland and the flight from Germany ase but faint examples of what the emigration from China is destined to effect in the United States. Nor is this multitude of citizens in prospective destined to be confined to the western shores of the continent. We are openining new lines of travel; shortening the time of transit from the Atlantic to the Pacific States; increasing the intercourse between two distant sections; and yet we have but commenced the mighty work of facilitating intercommunication. Ten years may not elapse before the iron steed shall be heard dashing through the deserts, overleaping rivers, and striding across the mountains now separating populous regions of freemen. Progress can no longer be measured by the scale of past advancement. Former eras are crowded into years.

There may be now those master spirits upon the political arena who will witness them like the locusts of Egypt, coming up over the whole land; not simply scattered in bands until they number ten thousand as they do in California, but coming by families, a perpetual stream of life, into our cities of the gulf, ascending our mighty rivers, entering upon every species of industrial employment, and with customs, manners, religion, habits of thought and language, as distinct from us as they are in race or civilization. An Empire, over populated with its 200,000,000 of inhabitants, is now ready to pour its hordes of emigrants upon our shores, to furnish us with an inexhaustible supply of future voters, legislators, office holders and rulers. Are we prepared to admit them as citizens? Born and educated in the school of the most crushing Asiatic despotism; not recognizing the God of our fathers, nor the principles of our religion; ignorant of the elements of human rights, to us household words; incapable for an indefinite term of years of comprehending the machinery of our political system, and unfitted by race, education, sympathies and traditions for becoming participators in the elective franchise, they will have the power, under the present naturalization laws of controlling, ere the expiration of many decades, the complexion of our legislation and the character of our institutions.

There will be demagogues who will desire to use them, and the strength of numbers will give them ambition to aspire to citizenship and energy to use it to their advantage. The contemplation of this new feature of emigration must convince every reader that we have reached the point where action is necessary. The position of our country is changed. Its relations with the nations of the earth have been essentially altered; our own circumstances are no longer those which induced our forefathers to meet the emigrant more than half way in a fraternal embrace. Then, self preservation, or occupation of the vast uncultivated domain of our infant people diminished by war, demanded men. Now the tide that sets in from abroad, threatens to wash away our ancient landmarks, to subvert our institutions, to instal as masters over the native born those aliens to our heritage, to destroy our nationality and substitute a thousand conflicting factions warring with each other and paving the way for the iron rule of the victor in the long and bitter struggle. Self-preservation now calls for a repeal of the laws which once added to the elements of our prosperity. Not only the machinations of the enemies of freedom, but the radicals who would subvert all government; not alone the presence of the enemies of society driven out of the land of their nativity to escape the penalty of their crimes; but the ignorant who may be used as the tools of ambition—of mad fanaticism—of intemperate bigotry; call upon native born and naturalized citizens who love the country of birth and adoption, to stop the birth of thousands of citizens in a day who bring weakness Instead of strength—dissensions instead of union—danger instead of safety. To enlarge our power of regeneration upon the world; to fortify our nation with an impregnable bulwark of nationality; to create indentity of interest and feeling amongst those in whose hands repose the destiny of the future; to transmit the heritage of civil and religious freedom to generations yet unborn; to prevent the destruction of the last experiment of self-government now the hope and beacon light of the world, we must, while we receive with open arms, and protect with willing hearts and embrace with cordiality as fellow men, the oppressed of all nations, cease to admit them to the best and holiest privilege of the native born—the exercise of the franchise which decides the character of our rulers, our laws and our domestic policy.—*N. O. Creole.*

Beauties of the Southern Institution.

The reader will remember that some time since, Mrs. Douglass was arrested and imprisoned at Norfolk, Va., for the great crime of teaching colored children to read and write.—The circumstances connected with her arrest, will doubtless be interesting to all. Here they are:—

"All was going on as peaceable as usual and I had taken my seat to commence my daily toil, when a loud knock was made at my front door. I answered it myself, when the face of an officer presented itse f, who inquired who lived up stairs. I replied that I alone occupied the house. He then asked if Mrs. Douglass lived here, I told him that I was Mrs. Douglass. He said, 'you keep a school.' 'Yes, sir,' was the reply. "A school for colored children?" I answered 'Yes.' "I must see those children," said he. I then demanded what business he had with them, or anything in my house. He replied that he had been sent by the Mayor. "Very good, sir," said I, "walk in, and you shall see them;" and, without giving my daughter or the children any notice, I invited him up stairs into the school-room. Never will I forget the frightened state of those children, and the countenance of their young teacher. My daughter sat paralyzed, covering her face with her hands; and it was some time before I could restore order in the room. Some were crying, some exclaming "Oh my! oh my!" and some clinging around me in their terror; but during the excitement, I never lost my presence of mind.

As soon as I had restored quiet in the room, I inquired of Mr. Cherry, the City Constable, what he wanted with those children. He replied that he must take them before the Mayor. "Very well sir," said I, "my daughter and myself will accompany them." To my astonishment, he went to the head of the stairs and gave a loud rap with his club, when another officer made his appearance, entering from my back door. For the moment I thought that my house was surrounded with officers, who perhaps fancied that they had found a nest of thieves. They then noted down the names of the children, as well as those of their parents. When they had finished, I politely informed Mr. Cherry that they were all free children, and all, or nearly all, members of the Christ's Church Sunday School. "It makes no difference, madame," he replied, "it is a violation of the law to teach any colored person to read or write, slave or free, and an act punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary." "Very well," I replied, "if they send me to the penitentiary it will be in a good cause, and not in a disgraceful one." Even this information, which was the most profound news to me, did not unnerve me at all; for I remembered that our Savior was persecuted for doing good, and why should not I be? This thought strengthened me to bear my own persecutions for ten long months afterwards."

☞ Said once a purse proud man, just getting into his carriage, with his wife and daughters flaunting in velvet and furs, to a poor laborer, who was shoveling coal into his vault: "Joe, if you had not drank rum, you might now have been riding in my carriage, for nothing else could have prevented a man of your education and opportunities from making money." "True enough," was the reply, "and if you had not sold rum and tempted me and others to drink and become drunkards, you might have been my driver."

LAUGHING IN CHURCH.—Henry Ward Beecher says: "I like to see my Sabbath congregation laugh, when there is occasion for it, and verily believe there is no more harm in laughing in church than in one's private parlor."

☞ Some gallant defender of Lola Montez recently wrote, "She is pure innocence." The wicked types, however, printed it, "She is pure *in no sense!*"

☞ A faithful friend is he who will give me one loaf when he has but two.

Protestants Taxed for Roman Catholic Pauper Church Furniture.

The following is a synopsis of the several bills now on file in the office of the Board of Ten Governors, for the popish paraphernalia at the pauper chapel on Blackwell's Island:

Linen for Alter cloth - -	$2 00
A small bill - - - -	50
Picture, Alter cards, and framing	10 00
1 Missile Romanium - -	2 75
1 Bible - - - - -	1 31
Flowers and Vases - -	12 00
Candlesticks - - - -	10 69
1 Cross, 14 inch - - -	3 50
1 Jesus in the Garden -	4 00
1 Altar card - - - -	3 25

The above expenditure of the public money for sectarian purposes was made upon the resolution of Simeon Draper and adopted by the Board last spring. It is a flagrant violation of the official powers of the Board, and an outrage upon the sentiments of the people.—Father Roberts was the purchaser of most of the articles.

If it is true, as has been stated, that the great majority of our paupers are Roman Catholics, it does not follow that we should encourage them in pauperism, by supplying them with mansions of luxury and embellishing their chapels. A plain room, with a rude desk, had ever been considered good enough for Protestant paupers and criminals, and if it is deemed absolutely necessary to the salvation of the souls of Roman Catholics of that class, that their place of worship (?) should be supplied with idols, images, crucifixes, &c., let those who believe in the necessity pay the cost. The Governers of the Alms House have no legal right to tax a Protestant community for the propagation or maintenance of the Romish religion.

The people will hold them responsible for this act of audacious demagoguery, and we opine that the day is at hand when priestcraft will not reign supreme in the eleemosinary departments of this city and State.—*New York Paper.*

Death of Mrs. Benton.

Died, in this city, at 8 o'clock, P. M., Sunday, 10th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH BENTON, wife of Hon. THOMAS H. BENTON, aged 60 years. Her protracted illness of several years, which from the first was known to be beyond remedy, was borne with a patience and propriety of demeanor that proves how the noble faculties and affections may survive the wreck of the mortal frame. Deprived of utterance, of all her energies, Mrs. BENTON still preserved the bearing of one whose mind would not allow the most prostrating affliction to overthrow the fine character it had formed. No part of it gave way under the long trial to which it was subjected. The simplicity of manners, the domestic and social virtues, the generous, high-toned, well-regulated feelings, the religious faith—severe to herself, liberal to all the rest of the world—in which she was nurtured in her father's house, and among the Virginia Puritans of Rockbridge, stood the test of thirty years, spent amid the fashionable life of Washington, and the prejudices of its political strife, without reproach. Her exalted character bore the more trying ordeal of a malady which conquers the will and often breaks down the nobler traits of the most happily constituted natures. The ruling feeling of Mrs. BENTON's heart, and strongest to the last, was her devotion to her husband. Of late she has sat constantly by his side when at his labors at home, and indeed their lives might be said to have been inseparable, for she has made her home wherever his business called him. She was reconciled to part with him on his last return to Missouri, because she was too weak to accompany him, and knew that his duty required his presence at home. When she felt the approach of the crisis which terminated her life, she led her daughter to the vacant chair in which her husband worked, and, by look and gestures, made it apparent that she required his recall. It was too late. She walked to the bed in the next apartment, from which she was never able to rise again.—*Wash. Globe, Sept. 12.*

WHEAT FLOUR, BOLTED AND UNBOLTED.—It is said that there are of nutriment peculiarly favorable for the growth of the muscular system, in every 1000 lbs. of wheat, about 28 lbs. In every 1000 lbs. of flour only about 20 lbs., and in every 1000 lbs. of bran, about 60 lbs. To please the eye and the palate we sift out the most nutritive part of the grain, and seek a substitute for it in the consumption of animal food, &c. There is yet another loss or disadvantage from this rather foolish fastidiousness. The bolted flour will not go nearly so far as the unbolted. If in a given time, eight persons will consume 40 lbs. of fine flour or the usual product of one bushel of wheat, then it would take a considerably longer time for them to consume that flour with the addition of several pounds of coarser material. This saving from the use of unbolted flour would be greater than just in proportion to the increase in weight of the unbolted above the bolted article, for the former contains the most nutriment. It would be certainly within the limits of truth to calculate that four bushels of wheat would go farther in the unbolted state, than five bushels bolted. This is no contemptible consideration, at present prices of wheat and flour. To this may be added the fact that unbolted flour is most conductive to health.—*Country Gentleman.*

☞ An Irishman who was once on a journey, said he never liked to see tables full of books and newspapers where he stopped over night, "for," said he, "I never can find any whiskey at such places." A shrewd inference.